

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1813.

[NO. 13.

The Intelligent Traveller ; OR, HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED. (Continued.)

WILKINSON was prevented from proceeding, by the coach driving into the inn yard; the waiter conducted us into a comfortable apartment, where the passengers from three other stages were assembled, and where a table was spread, and knives and forks laid for eighteen. "Do you dine, gentlemen?" was the immediate enquiry; Wilkinson and I replied in the affirmative, but Lushington and his wife both declined it, and hurried out of the room. The idea that they might have rejected the offer from pecuniary embarrassment struck me, and hurrying after them, I said, "perhaps you dislike mixing with so large a party; in that case, do me the favour of dining with me and I will order a private room." Though both seemed to feel the kindness of the proposition, they assured me they had taken an early dinner before they quitted home, and as I thought they appeared desirous of having some private conversation, I returned to the publick room, where a round of beef, a ham, and fowls were smoaking upon the table, which each of the party appeared ready to attack.

Though I had quitted the house of mourning in a frame of mind truly unenviable; yet, as I approached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Middleton, my spirits naturally revived; but I could not avoid feeling some degree of anxiety respecting the manner in which I should be received. These sensations were not produced by any doubt of Mr. M—'s, or his too interesting daughter's urbanity, for I was going to make a visit in consequence of a preparatory invitation; but I was desirous of discovering in the expressive countenance of Louisa, those indescribable traces of emotion which invariably attend genuine love; and which my own palpitating heart told me I should be unable to restrain.

It has been observed, and I think with great justice, that it is very easy to form an opinion of the master and mistress's character by the manners of their domestics; and though, upon the carriage stopping at the door, I was informed that the idol of my affections and her father were going to dine with a neighbouring family, I was respectfully conducted into a small, but elegant library, by a youth about eighteen, who, placing a chair for me, informed me he would immediately acquaint his master I was arrived, as he was not more than two miles distant, and would be extremely angry if he was not summoned.

Though I was pleased with this attention in the servant, I positively forbade him from acquainting his master with my arrival; but scarcely had he quitted the apartment, when I was accosted by a venerable looking woman, who, from the bunch of keys suspended to her

apron, I concluded to be housekeeper; she informed me I had been expected for the last three days, and that her master would not have been absent but upon an extraordinary occasion, "for you must know, Sir, it is a christening, and my dear young lady stands for the infant; but I only wish you had seen the beautiful dress she made for it, with her own sweet hands. Oh! she certainly is an angel, if ever there was one upon the face of this earth."

So delighted was I with the praise bestowed upon my soul's treasure, that I actually could have embraced the venerable Mrs. Richardson; and so long did I keep her in conversation, that she had actually forgotton for what purpose she came into the room, until the footman informed her that Martha requested to speak with her. "Lord bless me!" she exclaimed "Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons, I had quite forgot the business which brought me here, but when once I begins talking about my dear young lady, I never knows when to end; but would your honor like a broil'd chicken, and a nice little bit of veal cutlet, for we have both in the pantry, and I'll toss them up in a quarter of an hour.

I informed the old lady either would satisfy me, but positivly forbade the appearance of both; then requesting William to conduct me to my apartment, for the purpose of making a change in my appearance, I soon received a summons down again, and found a small, but delicate repast, prepared for me, in less time than I imagined possible. Though a solitary meal is seldom attended with any relish by those whom nature has formed for social delights, yet the various emblems of my Louisa's taste, with which I was surrounded, afforded such inexpressible gratification to my mind, that I felt charmed at having an opportunity of indulging those visionary ideas of domestic felicity, which I could not help flattering myself it might be my lot to enjoy; if that tenderness with which the amiable girl had inspired me should prove reciprocal, and her worthy father sanction the proposal I resolved to make.

So completely was my mind absorbed by reflections, that I was totally insensible of the lapse of time, until the door opened, and Mr. Middleton entered, followed by the object of my fondest desires. The former received me with all the warmth of an old acquaintance, blended with that polish of address which distinguishes the gentleman; a blush of the deepest dye suffused the expressive countenance of Louisa, as I respectfully raised her trembling hand to my lips. So extatic were the sensations which this evident agitation excited, that I could scarcely refrain from expressing the transports of my breast; my attention, however, were soon directed into another channel, by the entrance of a young clergyman, whom Mr. Middleton introduced by the name of Butler, and who seemed to feel himself perfectly at home. What a transition did a few moments make in my sensations! I not only viewed the stranger with eyes of jealousy, but with actual abhorrence; for, upon addressing him-

self to Miss Middleton, he accosted her by the appellation of "My dear Louisa." Suddenly all my airy schemes of future happiness vanished; the familiarity of his manner towards my soul's idol excited such disgust, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could treat him with the politeness due to a gentleman. With a scrutinizing eagerness, which must have rendered me apparently impertinent, I watched every look of the unconscious Louisa, when she addressed the too happy Butler; whom I considered wholly unworthy of possessing such a treasure. Those moments which I had imagined would have flown with the rapidity of lightning, dragged on with an insupportable weight; and never did I feel my mind relieved from such a state of inquietude as when Mr. Middleton observed I appeared fatigued; and gave orders to his servant to attend me to my apartment.

Sleep was a stranger to my eye lids; for several hours I paced up and down my room, blaming my unlucky stars for having introduced me to the acquaintance of the only woman I ever had or could love. To remain Mr. Middleton's guest I found would be impossible, yet what excuse to make for my abrupt departure I could not devise; at length, exhausted by mental agitation, I threw myself upon the bed, and fell into an unquiet sleep. From this I awoke about seven in the morning, and in a short time afterwards arose; and, undrawing my window curtains, beheld Miss Middleton, and the object of my aversion, walking arm in arm. Appalled by the sight, I hastily left the window, but as quickly returned; and perceived, by their gestures, they were in earnest conversation, for each frequently made a sudden stop; at length Butler seized her hand with apparent rapture, and embracing it with fervour, rushed into an adjoining copse.

Had I at that moment been endowed with the fabled power of the basilisk, that embrace would have been his last; throwing myself into a chair, I actually was weak enough to burst into a flood of tears. Roused by reason and reflection from this boyish proof of weakness, I took myself severely to task for suffering my affections to have such an unbounded sway over me, and yielding to sensations which degraded me as a man. As soon as my mind became more composed, I descended into the library—but how different did every thing in it appear to what it had done the preceding afternoon! the emblems of fair Louisa's taste no longer afforded me pleasure: in short, the whole world appeared to me as a dreary waste. When accosted by my hospitable entertainer, I endeavoured to assume a cheerfulness totally foreign to the feelings of my heart; and when I heard him enquiring for his daughter, I could scarcely avoid telling him how she had been engaged.

With a countenance blooming as Hebe, and lovely as Venus, in a few minutes she entered the room. "You have been taking your accustomed walk, my sweet girl," said her fa-

ther, "but you have made it unusually long."—"I ought to apologize both to you and Mr. ——," replied Louisa, who, I thought, appeared rather disconcerted, "but the morning was so inviting, I was not aware of the lateness of the hour."—"Did Butler accompany you?" enquired Mr. Middleton. "He not only accompanied, but actually persecuted me with entreaties, to dispatch him to Sir Clement Dorville, with a request from you, my dear Sir, namely, that Eliza would shorten her visit, and return to us to morrow morning."

Whilst the ingenuous Louisa was giving her father this description, I scarcely had the power of drawing my breath, so fearful was I of misapprehending the reviving sentences which dropped from her coral lips; yet, had a judge of physiognomy witnessed the sudden turn they gave my features, the transport I experienced could not have been concealed.

"Though sudden attachments are said to be seldom lasting," rejoined Mr. Middleton, "yet I believe poor George will prove an exception to the observation; and I feel a secret satisfaction in the belief that he has fixed his affections upon an amiable young woman. If Butler was my own son," continued he, addressing his conversation to me, "I could not feel greater anxiety for his happiness; but this, my dear Sir, you will allow to be natural, when I tell you, he has been under my protection from a mere child; my Louisa regards him with the affection of a brother, and I once thought she might have beheld him in a still dearer light. You recollect my informing you, when chance threw us into the same vehicle, that we were going to meet the orphan daughter of Colonel Mordount, who was just arrived from the east; I found her not only in person the complete image of her father, but, what was still more gratifying, possessing all the amiable qualities of his mind. George happened to be at home at the period of her arrival, and, with that ardour natural to youth, informed me, upon her retiring to rest, that, if ever he married, Eliza Mordount was the only being with whom he could enjoy happiness. Their attachment, I have reason to think, is mutual: for though my Louisa will not betray the confidence of a friend, yet I believe she is no stranger to the preference which Eliza feels towards this deserving young man. Sir Clement Dorville, whose extensive grounds reach to the boundary of my confined ones, was the intimate friend of Eliza's father, and, at his request, she has been passing a few days at his mansion, to the mortification of poor Butler, who dreads (without reason) a rival in the baron's dissipated heir."

(To be continued.)

O.N FRIENDSHIP.

"The friendships of the world are oft confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure; Ours has severest virtue for its basis, And such a friendship ends not but with life." *Cato, Act. 1 Sc. 3*

I AM not one of those who would insinuate that there is not such a thing as real friendship existing, but I think that many of the modern friendships come under Addison's description, as being most frequently "confederacies of vice, or leagues of pleasure," which are broken off as the party become divided in their pleasures, or incapable of engaging in their former unlawful pursuits.

When a young man first enters into company, he looks around him for a friend among his new acquaintances, and if he meets with one of a temper congenial to his own, he eagerly attaches himself to him; and should the one be led astray into the paths of vice, the other, afraid of losing the company and friendship of his companion, naturally engages in the same vicious habits, till both become equally abandoned: and, from a similarity of life, each supposes that they have found a mutual friend, the one being necessary to the other's pleasure. Should sudden and dangerous illness lay hold on either, the sufferer is left to himself; the other being too much engrossed, and bent on his own gratifications, and seldom thinks of the situation of his friend; but endeavours perhaps to forget him. If another reminds him of his friend's situation, he perhaps affects to pity him, and would be glad to hear of his return to health; but as long as he continues in a situation incapable of adding to his pleasures, he leaves him to the care of those who are possessed of more benevolence than he; a quality to which he lays no claim, not being in his catalogue of virtues.

The world would indeed be much more miserable than it is, were there not many friendships formed on purer principles, and founded on a more durable basis than such a fleeting attachment. He who intends forming a lasting friendship, must, in the first place, endeavour to learn if the person he fixes on, be of good and firm principles, possessed of a heart generous and open, uniformly kind and forgiving. Such a character only is capable of a *virtuous* friendship. Courage and firmness, to defend either person or character, form requisites for a lasting friendship; as he who, from want of some degree of courage, or from a careless indifference, will not defend either, is not likely to prove any valuable acquisition to another as a friend.

When a truly virtuous friendship is once formed, each party considers himself entitled to draw on the other's good offices; but this is never done but on occasions which fully warrant the request. When a favour is asked, it is requested with confidence, and granted with cheerfulness. They vie with each other in being the first to oblige; and, should any thing occur unfavourable to the duration of their friendship, both exhibit the same anxiety for a speedy accommodation. Their mutual happiness may thus, for a short space, be damped, but not lessened; as the good understanding which afterwards follows becomes daily more secure. Theirs is not an unmeaning profession of esteem and regard, which is forgot almost as soon as spoken. Their innumerable friendly acts to each other beget a mutual confidence, that continues unshaken, "and such a friendship ends not but with life." Nor does it end there, if they are possessed of the pleasing hope of a glorious immortality in the world of spirits, where, if particular friendships are renewed, we may be assured they never end; and, if not renewed individually, they will be most fully supplied by the benignity of that august and benevolent Being, "whose friendship is better than life."

Louis XII being about to carry the war into the territories of the Duke of Milan, demanded of a very experienced general, what provisions were the most necessary. The general replied, Three kinds are very necessary, Money, Money, and Money.

TWO RURAL LOVERS.

I SPENT some moments last summer in a very retired place, above an hundred miles from London; and one of my chief amusements (being, like Charles, of a speculative turn,) was to observe the progress of a rural courtship. The lover was a stout, healthy, agreeable young fellow, in a very humble sphere of life; and his mistress a pretty girl, the daughter of the most topping farmer in the neighbourhood, and a tenant belonging to the family with whom I resided. There was something in both the young people extremely engaging; and the exquisite simplicity in the looks and behaviour of the innocent Jenny, might have made a deep impression upon the heart of a man much more highly bred than Joseph was; who came one morning to the father of his mistress to demand her, and like a fashionable lover, also her fortune. The wary farmer, who saw how matters went off but fifty pounds with the girl. Joseph, who knew he was a man of substance, shook his head, and stood hard for an hundred. Poor Jenny was all this while peeping out at her window, listening to the dialogue, which was in her opinion, to make her happy or miserable for ever. At last, finding her lover on the point, as she thought, of giving her up, she said to him, with her heart full of anxiety, and her eyes full of tears, "do now, Joe, take my father's money, if you can."—There was an eloquence in this speech, dictated by nature, and delivered in a manner not to be described, which Joseph could not resist; he complied therefore immediately with the close-fisted farmer's terms, and married his Jenny soon afterwards; who proves an excellent wife, and they are the happiest of human beings, in consequence of their mutual affection.

Variety.

APPARENT DEATH.

DR. CRICHTON, in his essay on *Mental Derangement*, tells, that—A young lady, an attendant on a foreign princess, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was, at last, to all appearance deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and her body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed on. The day arrived, and according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed on the surface of her body. She recovered. The following is the account she gave of her sensations: she said—"It seemed to her as if in a dream, that she was really dead, yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of the coffin. She felt them pull on the dead cloaths and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which she could not describe. She tried to cry out, but her mind was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and not in it, at the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so."

The internal anguish of her mind was at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first which gave activity to her mind, and enabled it to operate on her corporeal frame."

ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

I FIND in the law of the Lombards, that if one of the two champions was found to have any herbs fit for enchantment about him, the judge ordered them to be taken from him, and obliged him to swear he had no more. This law could be founded only on the vulgar opinion; it was fear (which has been said to have invented so many things) that made them imagine this kind of prestiges. As in the single combats the champions were armed at all points, and as with heavy arms, both of the offensive and defensive kind, those of a particular temper and force were of infinite advantage, the notion of some champions having enchanted arms must certainly have turned the brain of a great many people. Hence arose the marvellous system of chivalry. The minds of all sorts of people quickly imbibed these extravagant ideas. Then it was that in romance they beheld knight-errants, necromancers, fairies, winged or intelligent horses, invisible or invulnerable men, magicians who concerned themselves in the birth and education of great personages, enchanted and disenchanted palaces, a new world in the midst of the old one and the ordinary course of nature left only to the lower class ofankind. Knight-errants always in armour, in a part of the world full of castles, forts, and robbers, found honour in punishing injustice, and in protecting weakness. Hence our romances abound with gallantry, founded on the idea of love, joined with that of strength and protection.

Such was the original of gallantry, when they formed to their imagination an extraordinary set of men, who, at the sight of virtue joined with beauty and distress, were inclined to expose themselves to all hazards for their sake, and to endeavour to please them in the common actions of life.

Our romances of chivalry flattered this desire of pleasing, and communicated to a part of Europe that spirit of gallantry which we may venture to affirm was very little known to the ancients. The prodigious luxury of that immense city, Rome, flattered the idea of sensible pleasures: a certain notion of tranquility in the fields of Greece gave rise to the description of soft and amorous sentiments: the idea of knights-errant, protectors of the virtue and beauty of the fair sex, led people to that of gallantry. This spirit was continued by the custom of tournaments, which, uniting the rights of valour and love, added still a greater importance to gallantry.

THE TAYLOR BIRD.

THE brute creation in the East Indies are more at enmity with one another than in other climates, and the birds are obliged to exert unusual artifice in placing their little brood out of the reach of the invaders, such as the monkey, the serpent, &c. and their caution in that is admirable. But the little species called the Taylor Bird seems to have a greater diffidence than any of the rest; it will not even trust to the extremity of a slender twig, but

makes one more advance to safety by fixing it to the leaf itself; it picks up a dead leaf, and surprising to relate, sews it to the side of a living one, its slender bill being the needle, and its thread some fine fibres; the lining, feathers, gossamer, and down; its eggs are white; the colour of the bird is yellow; its length, three inches; its weight, only three sixteenths of one ounce: so that the materials of the nest, and its own size are not likely to draw down an habitation that depends on so small a tenure. A nest of this bird is preserved in the British Museum.

CURIOS SIGHT AT PALERMO.

AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo (says SONINNI) pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from town, the gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewn under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the head, the arms, and the feet are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular REPOSITORY of dead friars.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

SINCE our last Paris papers of the 19th and London papers of the 11th of June have been received, containing the account of the great battle of Bautzen, and others, on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d of May, In these battles upwards of 50 000 more of the human race were sacrificed to the Demon of War; in which the French claim the victory, and of advancing considerably in the territories of their enemies. The Russian and Prussian accounts state, that they dealt death and destruction among the French ranks, and speak of the total destruction of a French column of 9000 men, and of taking 10 pieces of cannon, with 1500 prisoners and two generals.

An armistice was signed the 4th of June, between the powers at war—to continue until the 20th of July inclusive.

It is pretty evident that the armistice first came from Austria at instigation of Bonaparte.

The city of Hamburgh is said to be taken by storm by the French troops on the 30th of May.

The Prince Royal of Denmark had departed from Copenhagen for Norway, at the head of an army to defend the country in case of an attack.

A Lisbon paper of the 19th of June, contains an account of the French having evacuated and blown up the castle and city of Burgos. The French succeeded in making good a retreat by a bridge, after a severe skirmish with a strong English force under gen. Hill.

It is said that Bonaparte has ordered his brother Joseph not to risque a battle, but to retire to the provinces north of the Ebro and south of the Pyrenees.

Letters from London state, that in consequence of the mediation of Russia, American produce there had declined.

The La Hogue, 74, off St Georges Banks, continues to take and destroy a great many coasters and other vessels.

A New Loan of 7 millions five hundred thousand dollars is about being granted for the expences of the war.

There was a report at St. Salvadore June 16th, that the Essex frigate, capt. Porter, had been cruising in the Pacific Ocean on the coast of Chili.

The Matilda privateer of Philad. has been taken off Pernambuco by the English letter of marque Lion.

It seems now to be considered as too true, that the privateer Young Teazer, capt. Dobson, of this port, was blown up as stated a few weeks ago. The first lieut. Johnston, committed this rash act, by firing into the magazine, by which it is said himself, the captain, officers, and others, in all 29, were instantly launched into eternity. Only 7 were saved. It is said Johnston had been taken before and had broke his parole.

Accounts from Albany state the capture of 14 British batteaux on the river St. Lawrence, loaded with provisions and military stores, and one gun boat, which had been carried into Cranbury Creek, about 40 miles above Ogdensburg, on the American side. The prisoners, 67 in number, had been sent to Sacket's Harbour. That the British had sent 250 men and 3 Gun Boats from Prescott to recover their boats, &c. That they had attacked our men, who repulsed the assailants and retained their post, and had sent an express to the harbour for succour, and that Com. Chauncey had put to sea with his whole squadron, and that Gen. Lewis had sent 300 mounted men to their relief, which were supposed to have arrived on the evening of the 21st.

By accounts from the South ward we learn that the enemy after landing at Ocracoke, Beaufort (N.C.) and doing some mischief among the shipping, and frightening to death two or three ladies, and alarming the inhabitants had re-embarked and arrived in the Chesapeake. The same operations of landing and relanding in the different rivers of the Chesapeake, with a view to harrass, have occupied the attention of the enemy for some weeks past.

The President of the United States, by his Proclamation dated the 23d inst. recommends to all who shall be piously disposed, that they assemble in their respective congregations, and keep the second Thursday in September next as a day of Public Humiliation and Prayer.

Mariages.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. John Wickliff Donington, printer, to Miss Catharine Montanye, both of this city.

At East-Hampton, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Philips, Mr. William J. Akerly, jun. merchant, of this city, to Miss Jerusha Smith, daughter of the late Platt Smith, esq. of that place.

At Trenton, by the rev. Mr. Armstrong, capt. James Hamilton, of Philadelphia, to the amiable Miss Eliza Anderson, of Trenton.

Obituary.

DIED,

In this city, Joseph C. Field, formerly sheriff of Dutchess county.

The rev. Wilhelmus Jackson, in the 49th year of his age, formerly pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, at Bergen, New-Jersey.

On his way to the Ballston Springs, Mr. Henry Sheaffe, of Philadelphia, aged 25.

The City Inspector reports the death of 46 persons for the Week ending the 24th inst.

Seat of the Muses.

NEGLECT.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

AH! cold neglect—more chilling far
Than Zembla's blast or Scythia's snow;
Sure born beneath a luckless star
Is he, who after ev'ry pain,
Has wrung his bosom's central vein,
To fill his bitter cup of woe,
Is destin'd *thee* to know.

The smiles of fame, the pride of truth,
All that can lift the glowing mind,
The noblest energies of youth—
Wit, valour, genius, science, taste;
A form by all that's lovely grac'd,
A soul where virtue dwells enshrin'd,
A prey to *thee* we find!

The spring of life looks fresh and gay,
The flowers of fancy bud around,
We think that ev'ry morn is May;
While hope and rapture fill the breast,
We hold reflection's lore a jest,
Nor own that sorrow's shaft can wound,
Till *cold neglect* is found.

Ah! then how sad the world appears!
How false, how idle are the gay!
Morn only breaks to witness tears,
And ev'ning closes but to shew
That darkness mimics human woe,
And life's best scene, a summer's day
That shines and fades away.

Some dread disease, and others woe;
Some visionary torments see;
Some shrink unpitied love to know,
Some writhe beneath oppression's fangs,
And some with jealous hopeless pangs;
But, whatsoe'er my fate may be,
Oh! keep *neglect* from me!

E'en after death let mem'ry's hand,
Directed by the moon-light ray,
Weave o'er my grave a cypress-band,
And bind the sod with curious care,
And scatter flow'rets fresh and fair;
And oft the sacred tribute pay
To keep *neglect* away!

PALEMON AND PASTORA.

WHERE stays my Pastora? young Palemon cry'd,
Why does not my charmer appear?
No longer, alas! by my flock can I bide,
Since I see not the face of my dear.

The hour she appointed to meet me is past,
No longer expecting I'll stay;
But now to the queen of my bosom I'll haste,
To know why she's absent to-day.

Wilt thou, good Endymion, my young lambkins tend,
While I to my charmer repair!—
I will, the youth answer'd:—go then, my dear friend,
And chase from your bosom each care.

Young Palemon thank'd him, then breath'd a farewell,
And swift o'er the common he hied;
And soon he arriv'd at a neat little cell,
Where she dwelt by the rivulet's side.

But judge his astonishment; ye who have lov'd;
Imagine his anguish and care;
When he heard that the false cruel maid had remov'd
With another, and none could tell where.

To the fugitive's friends and relations he sped,
And sought her all day, but in vain;
Then homeward, in great perturbation, he fled,
To tell his dear friend all his pain.

He now reach'd the cottage, and dropping a tear,
He hastily enter'd the door;
And now a fair maid, whom Endymion held dear,
Inform'd him his friend was no more.

While tending the lambkins, one slipp'd in the stream,
To save it he plung'd in the tide:

But the cramp seiz'd his nerves, and in anguish extreme,
He sunk to the bottom and died.

Palemon's heart bled when he heard the sad tale,
How great are my sorrows! he cried;
No more could he utter, his visage turn'd pale,
He fell with a loud groan and died.

When the news reach'd Pastora, remorse seiz'd her breast,
She then fell to madness a slave;
Soon after she died, and, as 'twas her request,
Was inter'd in Palemon's grave.

SONNET TO THE SETTING SUN.

And wilt thou go, bright regent of the day?
Farewell awhile! we part to meet again;
Ere long shall I review thy golden ray;
Ere long shalt thou resume thy glorious reign.
The sea, that now absorbs thy falling light,
Compell'd shall soon its rosy prey restore;
Bereav'd, but not for ever, is my sight,
Without despair these eyes thy loss deplore.
Oh virtue! when thine orb droops towards its bed,
With such calm faith sad friendship breathes adieu:
Thou shalt emerge, fair star! from death's black shade,
The splendid course of glory to renew:
Soon shall the grave release thee from its gloom,
HOPE sweetly wipes the eye that wets thy tomb.

Morality.

THE HERMIT.

IN the plains of Anatolia, lived, in times of peace, the sage Huffendigar, retired from the world, and free from all those cares which perplex the breasts of those, who, misled by avarice or ambition, make wealth or fame their idol. He applied his heart solely to wisdom, and meditated day and night upon the koran. The more he studied the book of glory, the more was his ardour for the knowledge of heavenly things increased:—and such was the happiness which he enjoyed in the retirement of repose, that the bliss of paradise, which Mahomet has promised to the faithful, seemed to be prefigured in it; and the joys he was possessed of in this world, gave him a foretaste of the pleasures reserved for him in the next.

His tranquility, however, was at length interrupted: the plains of Anatolia, were laid waste by all the calamities of war, and Huffendigar himself beheld, from a ruined tower, the hostile encounter of two armies. He was an eye-witness to the carnage that filled his soul with horror, and could not forbear exclaiming—“Heavens! wherefore were men created to destroy each other? How can a righteous God suffer human nature to deface itself?”

The mind of Huffendigar was from that day filled with scruples and inquietudes. He lost his former serenity by pondering upon the ways of Providence: the maze appeared to him inextricable, and quite confounded his understanding.—Being constantly wrapped up in these contemplations, he one day fell into a profound sleep;—whereupon the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and addressed him in the following manner:

“Thou hast doubted of the divine wisdom and goodness, on account of some appearance of evil, which thy limited understanding could not explain. Men were not born to dwell forever upon earth; therefore, it is wisely ordained by the Almighty, that all human bliss shall be imperfect.—I will now shew you the place where, alone, unmixed happiness can be expected.”

So saying, the angel gave Huffendigar a view of the glories of Paradise, and such an impression did the vision make upon his mind, that it was ever after raised above all human pleasures or pains, and he retained a full conviction, that evil is necessary in a transitory state, in order to wean man from it, and that mortals should expect no true felicity, till the angel of death has put a period to their days. He soon resumed his former tranquility and composure of mind, and lived happier in his cell, than monarchs in their palaces.

The calms of life are never lasting; Huffendigar's peace was once more to be disturbed. The prince Muezin, being fatigued in pursuit of the foe, happened to take shelter at the cottage of Huffendigar, with whose conversation he was so delighted, that he resolved to keep him always about his person, and to confer on him distinguished honour. This preferment Huffendigar would willingly have declined; a court had no charms for him. However, he could not resist the importunities of the prince, and the war being over, he accompanied him to his court. He had not long been there, when envy filled the breast of the courtiers, who could not bear to see an obscure hermit in equal credit with themselves. The vizir Abdelaziz, above all, sought his ruin, and every day laid new snares for him; but such was his integrity that he always found it easy to justify his conduct. The prince being fully satisfied of the malice of Abdelaziz, would have punished him; whereupon Huffendigar gave a new proof of his worth, by interceding for him, and procuring his pardon. This last trial over, Huffendigar lived unmolested till the death of the prince; the love of retirement then took possession of his heart, and he returned to his former cottage, in order to wait the summons of the angel of death; having, from living in a court, received new conviction, that happiness is not to be expected on this side of the grave.

Necdotes.

SOME years since Mrs. Jordan was playing at Margate theatre with a new performer, an Irishman, and when he was to have kissed her, she turned her head so as to present little more than her ear. ‘Och, by J——, then,’ exclaimed the Hibernian, ‘I'll be d——if I kiss you at all.—If you won't let me play my part as a man should—you may do it all yourself.’ And with this he retired amidst a roar of laughter.

MACKLIN and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek—“I do not understand Greek,” said Macklin. “A man who argues should understand every language,” replied Johnson. “Very well” said Macklin, and gave him a quotation in Irish.

A MAN who was imprisoned for Bigamy, complained that he had been severely dealt with, for an offence which carries its own punishment along with it!

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